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The EXAMINER.

From Monday *April* 6, to Friday *April* 10, 1713.

— Immò id genus eſt hominum peſſimum,
In denegando modo quis pudor eſt paullulùm;
Poſt ubi jam tempus eſt promiſſa perfici,
Tum coacti neceſſariò ſe aperiunt, & timent;
Et tamen res cogit eos denegare: ibi
Tum impudentiſſima eorum oratio eſt. Terence.

RESERVING the Tribute of dutiful Joy and my humble Congratulations for the *Peace*, to a more ſolemn Occaſion, when all the yet undiſcover'd Bleſſings of that wonderful Occurrence ſhall be diſplay'd in full Light to the Publick, who, I find, have already foreſtall'd me by the Exceſſes of their Satisfaction, and loudly rung the Prelude to a *general Thankſgiving*, I ſhall, in the mean time, recommend the *Jewel*, by ſhewing the *Foil* firſt, and prepare the *Feſtival*, by an *Eve* of Faſting, Mourning and Humiliation. Allow me but the ſame Authority to appoint the Day, which the *Whigs* have aſſum'd in altering the *Calendar*; and I will order their *Lent* to begin, juſt as that of the Church ends, and in the midſt of our *Eaſter* they ſhall lament in Sackcloth and Aſhes.

They can plead no Title to the Happineſs which they have ſo often Poſt-pon'd, and ſo vigorouſly obſtructed. The old *Romans* introduced a *Solemn Rejoicing* with *Purging* their *Altars* and *Temples*; and before the *Sacred Proceſſion* mov'd forward, or the People paid their Vows, a Voice of Authority cry'd, *Hence ye Profane!* The ſame Decency may very well become a *Secular Triumph*, a Triumph after Peace; where War it ſelf is ſubdu'd, where the Two *Siſter* Furies, *Rapine* and *Faction*, are led in Couples to the Temple of *Janus*, confin'd to everlaſting Chains and Darkneſs, and left to houl by themſelves, and pine at the publick Welfare and Tranquility.

When I foretold the *Ruin* of the *Whigs*, and its near approach; whatever Fears their Senſe of Guilt might naturally ſuggeſt to them, I meant them no more Harm than is now accompliſhed and brought down upon their Heads. I could only with they had prevented their Ruin by their Converſion: For I am ſo *Moderate*, that I had rather ſay, they are no more, than That they are Fallen and Vanquiſhed. The *Faſt* I have proclaim'd for them, does indeed call for many Acts of Mortification, a ſevere Pennance, and a thorough Reformation: Even the *Reprobates* of their Party, thoſe among them who have Trefpaſſed beyond the Hope of Reconcilement, who are reſolved to perſiſt and to Deſpair, their *Don John's*, their *Impenitents*, ought however to quit old Scores with us, before they begin anew. They ſhould uſe a little Order and Decency in their Wickedneſs, and give us up the laſt Year's Leys, Legends and Forgeries, with a handſome Acknowledgment, and ſome ſmall Atonement for them, before they open a freſh Parcel, and advance any further Demands upon the implicit Credulity of their Followers. Let them oblige us with one Inſtance at leaſt, to ſatisfy the World, that there are yet ſome Remains among them of the only *Confuſion*, of which they are not Maſters, I mean that of the *Face*. Let them convince us, That they have not entirely forgot what it is to Bluſh; and That they ſtill retain ſome faint *ſpeculative Ideas* of *Truth*, though the practical Part of it is utterly vaniſh'd from among them. Their Lyes of the next Year, which are yet Unborn, or only in Embryo, and (for the Honour of their Invention) perhaps unimagin'd and unthought of, will thrive the better for a little of this Ingenuity. In time they may arrive at a tolerable *Conjecture*, or come up to a *Probability*, if they will fairly diſown what was Monſtrous and Abſurd. But whatever they are pleas'd to do with their own Faults, invincible Ignorance ſhall not be one of them. I am reſolved to hold the Glaſs to them, whether they dare ſtand the Reflection of their own Similitude or no. I will at leaſt touch their *Memories*, if not their *Conſciences*: Let them if they pleaſe, repent of their Follies at leiſure, but they ſhall not forget them in Heart: Not that I pretend to reckon every Particular, or to be a Maſter of the *Arithmetick* of *Infinites*: Their *Genius* for Sins, and mine for Diſcoveries, are vaſtly diſproportion'd: But when they are as quick at an Amendment, as I am at a Recital, I ſhall ſoon make additions to the *Beadroll*, and not be diſcouraged with the Task of reviving an *Age* of *Wonder*.

How often, and how poſitively, did they aſſert and maintain, that the Peace was concluded between *Us* and *France* many Months ago? and is not this a rank, a naked, forlorn, inexcuſable Lye, now fully excluded the poſſibility of being palliated or pleaded for? What amends, what atonement can they make, for all the Fears, Jealouſies, Repinings, Curſes, Menaces and Ravings, which uſually attended the diſmal repetition of this villainous Untruth? Do they yet confeſs? Do they recant? How will they redreſs the Wrongs of injur'd *Majeſty*, and revenge their baſe ungrateful Uſage of a mild indulgent *Miniſtry* upon themſelves? What Stings and *Scorpions* muſt their Conſciences feel, if they were not *Sear'd*? What deep Vermillion would ſtain their *Cheeks*, if they did not lie ſo very near and contiguous to their *Foreheads*? Let their own *Confeſſors* tell me, ſuch as know how to *compound* for *Repentance*, ſuch as can *carve* out a *Commandment* into ſubtle *Diſtinctions*, and tie a *knot* of Words upon the *plaineſt* Duty, whether there be any *Salvo* in this Caſe, any thing to relieve them from the irkſome Duties of Acknowledgment and Reparation? If there be no Refuge, no Shelter from a poſitive Duty, let them order their Diſciples to uſe as much Pains, and conſume as much *Time* and *Paper*, in retracting this abominable Falſhood, as they did in promoting it; and we will then compile *a ſtrange and wonderful Chronicle of ſix Months*: In which the *Whigs* ſhall be proved not to have done any Miſchief during that tedious Interval, provided *Poſterity* will be ſo kind to believe the *Tradition*.

With the ſame daring Malice and Effrontery, they endeavour'd to perſuade the People, That the *Peace* would be *Separate*, and that our *Allies* were to be Betray'd, Deſerted, and Delivered up as a Prey to *France*. The Iſſue is directly againſt them: All the *Allies*, the *Emperor*

Emperor only excepted, who did not *Proteſt*, as at *Ryſwick*, but deferr'd his Concurrence for want of adjuſting ſome Forms, *Sign'd* their ſeveral Treaties in order, ſo ſoon as the *Inſtruments* could be read and carefully collated, the *Monarchical* Powers firſt, and the *Dutch* laſt: And yet though this Suggeſtion was of the moſt dangerous Conſequence (if any thing could be Dangerous out of the Mouths of ſuch Fumblers in Iniquity) tho' it tended to create a general Diſtruſt, and puſh things to an open Rupture between the *Confederates*, and breath'd nothing but Ruin and Confuſion; now that black Suſpicion is blown over, now the Scandal has miſcarry'd, are they Shock'd, Touch'd or Alter'd? Do they own the Miſtake? Do they ſay, they were miſinform'd; they are ſorry for it? Are they not ſtill the ſame harden'd Wretches they were before? Who ſhall overturn this *Monumental Braſs*, this *Coloſſus* of *Corinth*? A Nation may ſuffer, and all *Europe* be fill'd with Fears and Alarms, whilſt the Authors of the intended Miſchief muſt not be called to an Account for unſucceſsful Impieties, muſt be under no Obligations from *Religion*, *Morality*, or *good Manners*, to do Juſtice to thoſe they have wrong'd. They have a Right to be the *Original* of *Falſhood*, juſt as they had to be the *Original* of *Government*, for no other reaſon but becauſe they find it is in their Power, as *Free Agents* to *Lye* and to *Rebel*.

Whilſt the *Treaty* depended, how often did they amuſe us with the *News* of its being broken off: And not many Weeks before it was concluded, ſtoutly aſſerted, That ſeveral new unſurmountable Difficulties were ſtarted; That ſome of the Miniſters were preparing to be gone; That the *French* chican'd; That the *Ceſſations* would not be prolong'd, and That the *Campaign* would open, before the ſeveral Intereſts of the Parties could be adjuſted? They knew how much their own Countrymen long'd for Peace, and therefore very piouſly reſolved to add to their Uneaſineſs. But notwithſtanding all their ſecret and avow'd Oppoſition, notwithſtanding the various Pretenſions of the greateſt Body of Potentates that perhaps ever compos'd a *Congreſs* of this nature, the Treaty of *Utrecht* has been compleated in leſs time than thoſe of *Munſter*, *Aix la Chapelle*, *Nimeguen*, and *Ryſwick*. The *Whigs*, tho' they have outliv'd their Prophecies, tho' all their dilatory Computations are cut ſhort, tho' their wicked hopes of an *Aftergame* of Miſchief are diſſipated, their *Air-Caſtles* demoliſhed, and their principal *Dæmon*, their *Lying Spirit*, exorciz'd; yet they are reſolved not to deſiſt, and are contracting with *Seven other Spirits*, if poſſible, more troubleſome than the former. No Satisfaction, no Retribution is due to their much injur'd Country; but all the Pennance they are to do for having *Lyed* ſo often, and been ſo very *Treacherous* and *Ungrateful*, is like that preſcrib'd by an experienc'd *Confeſſor* in the Caſe of *Drunkenneſs*, free Liberty and permiſſion to *Lye*, be *Treacherous* and *Ungrateful* again.

Whilſt they were upon the Hunt for Aſperſions, they did not want a Sett of able *Correſpondents* on t'other ſide of the Water, who having tried the Gauge of their Stomachs, never left cramming them with ſuch crude, nauſeous Diet, as the moſt *Canine* Appetite would have boggled at. The Pretended Danger of the *Proteſtant Religion* furniſhed them with a noble Opportunity of being Clamorous, ever ſince that Religion was ſecured, by their loſs of Power to corrupt it. *Popery*, as they gave out, was to come in with every *Mail*. The *Revocation* of the *Old Barrier Treaty* was repreſented as a Contrivance to ſet aſide the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*; and the new One, as they had worded it, was made to ſpeak of that Eſtabliſhment in very looſe and ambiguous Terms. What a periſhable ſhort-liv'd Lye was this? The *Jeſuits* would have been aſham'd of promoting the Cauſe of their Church by ſuch *Pious Frauds*, ſo ridiculouſly little and ſo eaſily detected. But now they are beaten from this Falſhood, are they Diſpirited and caſt down with Modeſty? Do they ask Quarter, and Submit? Do they not retrench themſelves in new-rais'd Calumnies, and play upon us from another Battery of Fiction? Undaunted with Guilt, they perſiſt to Lye on with Vigour for the *Proteſtant Religion*, to diſpute its *Safety* with their *Words*, whilſt the only Proof of its being in any *Peril*, is from their Actions; and to attack *Popery*, by going over as an *Ally*, and borrowing the Arms of that ungenerous Enemy. They have not a *Senſe* about them, which does not loudly confute and contradict them every Day, and ſecretly own the Care of the Government to ſecure to us this invaluable Bleſſing, even in ſpite of the fatal Blunders of thoſe very Creatures who raiſe this Clamour; and yet their Tongues, which move by *habitual Inſtinct*, and are *Mechanically* ſet to Untruth, run on without ceaſing to redouble the ſame Senſeleſs *Eccho*. They ſeem, by the Date and Duration of their Principles, to have ſomething Great and Conſiderable in their Exiſtence; Their *Shame* has no *Beginning*, and their *Iniquity* no *End*.

They have Infected me with one of their Vices, Ambition: I would fain undertake ſome daring Enterprize, and my Aim is at nothing leſs than a Prodigy: When ſhall I be able to make them Bluſh and Repent, tho' they Relapſe into *Whiggiſm* the next Moment? Is it not poſſible but they may alter their *Nature* with the *Climate*, and be willing to paſs for *Saints* in *Holland*, tho' they Deſpair of acting any ſuch Maſquerade here at home with Succeſs? I know not under what Regulations the mutual Commerce for *Political Lyes* is ſettled, but certainly ſuch of the Sort as are Imported hither, to the Prejudice of their *Old Friends* and *Allies*, ſhould ſeem to come under the Denomination of *Contraband Goods*. Will they Retract theſe? Shall the *Dutch* have the Honour of preſcribing Truth to them, when the Applications of their own Country have been to no purpoſe? How boldly did they affirm, in behalf of the *States*, That they would carry on the War without us, and, in ſpite of *Providence* and *Great Britain*, adhere to that preſumptuous Maxim, of *No* Peace, *unleſs* Spain *were reſtored to the* Houſe *of* Auſtria? At whoſe Door muſt the Miſcarriage of this hopeful Untruth be laid? Will they at length give up this doughty *Rhodomontade*? Will they be good at *Amſterdam*, and ask Pardon there, tho' they are Reprobates every where elſe? Have they not baſely bely'd the *Dutch*, and, after this, who can depend upon their Veracity? It is not Impoſſible, but after ſuch an Inſtance of their wayward Diſpoſitions, they may be brought to do wrong to the *Kit-Cat* and *Junta*. Here they cannot blame me, ſince their Confutation comes from the *Hague*: *The* Dutch *have ſpoke Truth, and ſhamed the* Whigs!

Theſe are ſome of the Crying Enormities, which that perverſe Party are to reflect on with a ſerious Sorrow, and as heartily reſolve to amend, before they ought to be admitted to the full Enjoyment of the *coming Feſtival*. When the Marks of Penitence are upon them, and they have given good Security for promoting *Peace at Home*, they ſhall be heartily Welcome to *That Abroad*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed,

†‡† Peace. A Poem: Inſcribed to the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke. Printed for John Barber, on Lambeth-Hill; and Henry Clements, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed,

‡ The Horſe and the Olive: Or, Peace and War. Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.

§§§ The Four Volumes of Memoirs from the New Atalantis, in 8°. As alſo Four Parts, and an Appendix of JOHN BULL, Publiſhed by the Author of the ſaid New Atalantis. The Art of Political Lying, 2d Edition. The Conduct of the Allies, the 7th Edition. Remarks on the Barrier Treaty, 2d Edit. By the Author of the Conduct of the Allies. The Examiners for the Year 1710, 11. in one Volume in 12°. All Sold by John Morphew near Stationer's Hall.

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